

Poetry.

From the Boston Transcript.
A VOLUNTEER'S APPLICATION.
OR, A TALKER VOLUNTEER.

[I thought I'd better come to town;
[I thought along my gun, sir;
[I guessed quite likely there'd be work,
[I'd hope there might be fun, sir;
[I heard wild geese was plenty, now,
[A comin' from the south'ard,
[And thought I'd like a shot at some-
[If you ain't too much bothered.

My father sends his duty, sir,
[He says that things is growin',
[And wants to know what he can do
[To help the men that's goin';
[Father, she looked kind of scared,
[He fixed my things to come, sir;
[He didn't want me, jest, to start,
[Nor jest, to stay at home, sir.

There's brother Jim, he's here to fight,
[Too young, boy, says the jury;
[Jim's seventeen, so he gets mad,
[And works away like fury;
[It's high about as tall as I,
[That's six foot and a quarter,
[I ain't measured lately, but I guess,
[I can't be growed much shorter.

Now, what d'ye suppose Jerusha said,
[With her black eyes a snappin' it;
[She's just my second cousin, sir,
[One seldom caught a nappin'—
[She said if she could see a man
[A fightin' for the flag, sir,
[That she would give her new silk gown
[And call it but a rag, sir.

I'd meant before to come, for sure,
[But that was just a clincher;
[I never was a soldier, yet,
[But might be, at a pinch, sir;
[I'll try and let my lamp goes out
[Along their shot and brag, sir,
[I'll tell Jerusha how I did
[A fightin' for the flag, sir.

ADVENT OF THE MOSQUITO.

Again the grand mosquito comes,
[That brigand of the night,
[With all his starving family,
[To put my dreams to flight,
[And try to settle his small bill,
[And take a draft at sight!

I hear again the dreadful sound
[That tells me who is near;
I hear him wind his horrid horn,
[And what his poisoned spear;
He sounds the battle-bell, and ah!
I feel that he is here!

I beat the air, I seem to wage
[With fiends an idle feud;
My hopes, like poor Ophelia's,
[Are blasted in the bud;
I'm vanquished in a single round,
[And he obtains "first blood!"

In vain the rank cigar I smoke,
[Quite wild and desperate grown,
I try in vain to drive him down,
[And shut the window down;
For still I hear those tranquil pipes
[Monotonously drone.

Like Cooke among the cannibals,
[To useless to appeal,
Or like a mummy wind myself
[In sheets from head to heel;
The hungry wretch has picked me out,
[To make himself a meal.

He comes by night as angels do,
[To chant his soothing hymn;
He hovereth o'er the baby's couch,
[Just like the cherubim;
By day he waddeth in the swamp,
[His legs are long and slim.

Oh! hear me to some frozen waste,
[Where polar tempests blow;
On train oil I will gaze unmoved,
[Or Greenland's cliffs of snow,
And be content to pass my days
[Among the Esquimaux!

Useful Hints.

BAKED PEARS.—Take twelve large baking
pears—pare and cut them in halves, leaving on
the stem about half an inch long; take out the
core with the point of a knife, and place them
close together in a block-tin saucepan, the inside
of which is quite bright, with the cover to fit quite
close,—put to them the rind of a lemon cut thin,
with half its juice, a small stick of cinnamon, and
twenty grains of allspice; cover them with spring-
water, and allow one pound of loaf-sugar to a
pint and a half of water—cover them up close,
and bake them for six hours in a very slow oven:
they will be quite tender, and a bright color.
Prepared cochineal is generally used for coloring
the pears; but if the above is strictly attended to,
it will be found to answer best.

BREKFAST CAKES FOR BREAKFAST ON TEA.—
Take a quart of flour, four eggs, a piece of but-
ter the size of an egg, a piece of lard the same
size; mix the butter and lard well in the flour;
beat the eggs light in a pint bowl, and fill it up
with cold milk: then pour it gradually into the
flour; add a teaspoonful of salt; work it for
eight or ten minutes only; cut the dough with a
knife the size of a wish; roll them into cakes
about the size of a breakfast plate, and bake in a
quick oven.

TO DRY FRUITS.—Burn a match in a bottle
to exhaust all air, then place in the fruit to be
preserved, quite dry, and without blanching; sprin-
kle sugar between each layer, put in the bung,
and tie a bladder over it, setting the bottles bung
downwards, in a large stew-pan of cold water,
with hay between to prevent breaking. When the
skin is just cracking, take them out. All
preserves require exclusion from the air; place a
piece of paper dipped in sweet oil over the top of
the fruit; prepare thin paper, immersed in gum-
water, and, while wet, press it over and around
the top of the jar; as it dries, it will become
quite firm and tight.

A great increase on home-made bread, even
equal to one-fifth, may be produced by using
bran-water for kneading the dough. The propor-
tion is three pounds of bran for every twenty-
eight pounds of flour, to be boiled for an hour,
and then strained through a hair sieve.

If you let meat or poultry remain in the water
after it is done enough, it will become sudden and
lose its flavor.

Newport Mercury.

ESTABLISHED, JUNE 12, 1758.

NEWPORT, R. I., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1861.

ments for the benefit of other per-
sons, as well as all legal advertise-
ments, and advertisements of real
estate, or auction sales, sent in by
them, must be paid for at the usual
rates.

Job Printing
in its various branches, executed
with despatch.
F. A. PRATT & CO. WM. MESSEUR

Number 5,370.

Selected Tale.

A FAIRY STORY, WITH A MORAL.

THE TWO SPINDLES.

In a vale, far off in the Thuringian forest, there lay the ruins of an old mill.—The stone walls were standing, and the clear stream was running yet; but the machinery had long been worthless. The last miller was a very old man, and lived near by in a little thatched cottage. His wife had been dead eleven years, and his two daughters, by their labor, supported him in his decrepitude and almost continual sickness. They would spin flax, and collect bundles of kindling wood, and gather berries; by all of which means they succeeded in laying up enough money to supply their household with every necessity.

One day, when their father was dozing in his old willow chair, Martha and Cristel went off to gather nuts and leaves for their goat. They had gone about half a mile, when they saw a young squirrel lying in the path before them. It had fallen from a tree, and was very seriously hurt. Cristel picked it up and wrapped it in her apron, and the sisters returned home with it, and strengthened it by a saucer of milk that they placed before it. It was, at first, very wild and shy, though it was so lame that it could not climb or run. But after some days, it began to get bolder, and was evidently growing less fearful of its protectors. In time, it was very tame, followed Cristel and Martha wherever they went, and knew by heart every branch of a tree within a stone's throw of the old miller's cottage.

Winter was coming on, and Cristel made for her playful squirrel—which, in future, we must call Billy, for that was his name—a soft bed of wool, and placed it in his little house. Billy's supply of cabbage stalks, and corn, and hazel nuts was very large; enough to last all winter. He was an object of great love in the family, no less to the old miller than to his daughters. Every winter was met; never was there a squirrel better fed and cared for.

One cold morning, in December, Billy was missing. His house was pulled down and his bed taken out, but he was not there. Martha called him an unthankful squirrel and would not look for him. But Cristel went all about the house, examined the old mill, and went down through the forest; but it was all to no purpose. Finally, she took his bed and pulled it all apart, and as she did this, there dropped on the ground two spindles, one of wood and of a dull color, the other very bright and of metal. Cristel said this latter was the loveliest thing she had ever seen; but Martha, who was older and pretended to a great deal of wisdom, said it was nothing but brass. Still, it was a wonder to them both how the spindles came in Billy's bed.

Martha took the yellow metal spindle for herself, and gave the wooden one to Cristel. When they began to spin, it was wonderful to see how much flax they could convert into the finest thread. Martha could do more in one hour now than formerly in the whole day. It was, indeed, a lucky thing for these two girls to be so well provided for. They soon astonished the thread merchant, by the great quantity of thread they brought him for sale; he said he had never seen such spinners as they were. In three months' time, enough money was made to repair the old mill, and hire a miller, besides improving the little cottage.

'Now if we had enough money to buy a cow, I should be glad,' said Martha.

'Buy a cow? What can you be thinking of, sister? You know it is very hard to get a cow, and the price is enormous.'

'Cristel, I believe I could sell my spindle this very day for enough money to buy a cow. See how bright it is getting all the time!'

'Would you think of such a thing? I am astonished beyond measure.'

'Oh, you are a very silly young girl.—Say what you please, you shall not prevent me from acting for our interest,' said Martha, passionately.

The next morning, Martha made every arrangement, and started with her spindle for the city, which was twenty miles off. She could not have walked that distance, she must have returned home, had not the driver of a coal wagon taken pity on her, and permitted her to ride with him. Having reached the city, and being on the point of passing a goldsmith's shop, she jumped down and looked at the glittering jewelry. Then she thought the man might buy her spindle, so she went in and showed it to him.

'Ha, ha, my girl, what are you doing with a golden spindle? I know you are not a rich man's daughter, and must have stolen this valuable article.'

Martha felt very sad at these words, and explained everything connected with the history of the spindle. The goldsmith was then convinced of her honesty, and paid down the full value of her treasure, in gold and silver. While in the city that day, she bought a cow and all necessary

articles towards keeping a dairy. And having made several other purchases beside, she had a large amount of money left. The thought of being rich was always fascinating to Martha. Now she was in raptures, but still she was not exactly satisfied.

When she returned from the city with her cow and many things she had never seen before, and knew not the use of, she acted proudly towards her sister. You would have taken her for a queen, judging from her conduct. Now she was milking the cow, now down the cellar, now out in the mill. She was not five minutes in a place; she was so busy with everything and everybody. Her old father disliked the new bustling around him, and could not sleep over a quarter of an hour at a time. After a few months he died, and Martha, being much older than Cristel, took complete charge of the household.—This was all well enough, as she was very experienced; but then she was very much to blame in treating her sister as badly as she really did. She made her do more than her strength would allow. I can tell you I would not like Martha to be the housekeeper in my house. She gave too many orders, and expected too much from others. She frequently went to the city with butter, cheese, and poultry; but she seldom brought any money back. She was fond of fine clothes and costly furniture, and on these things she spent the earning of herself and sister.

Cristel did not care the least for gaudy clothes, or luxury, or splendor in any respect. She was fond of going to school, running up the mountain paths, and gathering flowers and bright pebbles. Never did a day pass that she did not think of poor, lost Billy; and she hunted for him, too, in many a spot in the forest.

Martha's heart was fixed on money.—That was the reason she so often examined Cristel's spindle. But it was wood, and would stay wood; she could not make it shine. Yet she tried to compensate for its inferior quality by making her sister spin the more on it. Instead, therefore, of releasing her after spinning six skeins a day, she made her finish twelve. Now a remarkable event took place, which I feel bound to speak of, as it is intimately connected with our history. Martha noticed that when Cristel had completed the ninth skein, it shone very much. She took it from the wheel, and by bringing it near the light perceived that it was gold. Cristel saw how bright it was; but she never dreamed of its value. She was sitting on a golden throne, beside a king of noble bearing, and great justice and wisdom. Billy sat at his feet, and looked in his mid blue eyes. The palace was built of crystal, and you could look through its walls upon gardens of surpassing loveliness. The courtiers around the throne came up and bowed before Cristel, and then they sang a most melodious song, entitled *The Lame Squirrel's Friend*. The music of the harp, in addition to the voices of the singers, almost made her think she was dreaming. But she was not—she knew she could be.—When the music was ended, the king asked her if she would not be his queen. When she remembered that her father was dead, that Martha had forsaken her, and that a lonely life was before her, she replied: 'If Billy will lead me once more a week to the old mill—wherever it is—and will conduct me home to this palace again, I will be your queen.'

The king bowed his consent. The air was again filled with melodious strains of music, after which came the wedding feast. So Cristel was a happy queen.

'If you marry,' said a Roman consul to his son, 'let it be to a woman.'—A very proper advice,' said Mrs. Partington, interrupting like who was reading; 'but I don't know how he could have given any other under the circumstances, seeing that Providence foreordained, that it should be so, previously forehand, though in one sense all the girls that marry are not women either, because they toil not neither do they spin, and know no more about housekeeping than the fifth wheel of a coach.'—But, said like, putting in, 'you didn't hear it all.'—If you marry,' said a Roman consul to his son, 'let it be to a woman who has judgment and industry enough to get a meal of victuals, taste enough to dress neat, pride enough to hold her tongue.'—Very good,' said the old lady, and she nodded her head as though the idea were adjusting itself to a satisfactory place in her mind.

God loves to smile most upon his people when the world frowns most. When the world puts its iron chains upon their necks; when the world puts a bitter cup into their hands, then God drops some of his honey—some of his goodness and sweetness into it. When the world is ready to stone them, then God gives them the white stone; and when the world is tearing their good names, then he gives them a new name, and none knows but that he is—a name that is better than that of sons and daughters.

Some men are drones in the money cells of to-day, who fill the honey cells of to-morrow and a thousand morrows.

What would the nightingale care if the toad despised his singing? He would sing on, leaving the cold toad to his dark shadow.

Pleasure is precarious, but virtue is immortal.

Three months having passed by, and Martha having spun no gold thread of her own accord, the king requested her to give him a specimen of her wonderful powers. That was a sorrowful moment to her, for it was almost impossible to spin as many as nine skeins a day, the ninth alone being of gold. So she made a trial of all her art, and not one of them could spin that number. The king was greatly enraged, and threatened to discard his wife

because she had deceived him. But he was determined, if possible, to have a golden skein. So he had her put in a strong castle, and locked up there with her wheel and spindle. Thus many days passed by, and Martha's hands being worn to the quick from spinning, she would throw the spindle into the fire. But it would not burn, and the servants always found it in the ashes, and brought it back by the king's orders. Sometimes she would cast it out of the window into the river, but it would always shine on the bottom, and skillful divers were stationed near by to recover it. After a while, Martha succeeded in spinning some golden skeins, but the king would spend them in a single night's debauch, and the next day his passion for more was stronger than ever. Martha was suffering a hard fate. That old castle was her only home. She was watched by three hard-hearted spies, and many a day did she have to live on crackers and water that she might lose no time from her work. She often sighed for the little cottage by the old mill. To be a queen was no pleasure to her.

It is almost unnecessary to say how anxious Cristel was for her sister's return.—She had not the slightest knowledge of anything that had occurred, and was grieving night and day over her lonely lot. She had, of course, heard that the king was married, but had no idea her sister was his queen. She missed her spindle, but she did not complain, for as it came so mysteriously and without any labor of her own, she had no real claim upon it. The time passed slowly by, but as she was naturally fond of the forest, she spent many an hour along its winding paths. One day, while walking near the place where she and her sister found the named spindle, she saw her long absent Billy running just ahead of her.

'Billy, O Billy!' she exclaimed, and ran off after him. But he was too quick for her, and as often as she put out her hand to catch him, she missed him. All at once she felt the ground open before her, and she went down—I know not how far. She was deprived of consciousness, but had no pain.

When she recovered, she looked around upon a scene of splendor that she had never dreamed of. She was sitting on a golden throne, beside a king of noble bearing, and great justice and wisdom. Billy sat at his feet, and looked in his mid blue eyes. The palace was built of crystal, and you could look through its walls upon gardens of surpassing loveliness. The courtiers around the throne came up and bowed before Cristel, and then they sang a most melodious song, entitled *The Lame Squirrel's Friend*. The music of the harp, in addition to the voices of the singers, almost made her think she was dreaming. But she was not—she knew she could be.—When the music was ended, the king asked her if she would not be his queen. When she remembered that her father was dead, that Martha had forsaken her, and that a lonely life was before her, she replied: 'If Billy will lead me once more a week to the old mill—wherever it is—and will conduct me home to this palace again, I will be your queen.'

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The Power of one Good Boy.—When I took the school,' said a gentleman, speaking of a certain school he once taught, 'I soon saw there was one good boy in it.—I saw it in his face. I saw it by many unmistakable marks. If I stepped out and come suddenly back, the boy was studying, just as if I had been there, while a general buzz and roguish looks of the rest showed there was mischief in the wind. I learned he was a religious boy and a member of the church. Come what night, he would be far the right.

There were two other boys who wanted to behave well, but were sometimes led astray. These two began to look up to Alfred, and I saw much strengthened by his example. Alfred was as lovely in disposition, as firm in principle. These three boys began to create now a sort of public opinion on the side of good order, and the master. One boy and then gradually another sided with him. The foolish pranks of the idle and wicked boys began to lose their popularity. They did not win the laugh they used to. A general obedience and attention to study prevailed. At last the public opinion of the school was fairly revolutionized; from being a school of ill-name, it became one of the best-had schools anywhere about, and it was that boy Alfred who had the largest share in making the change. Only four or five boys held out, and these were finally expelled. 'Yes,' said the teacher, 'it is in the power of one right-minded, right-hearted boy to do that. He stuck to his principles like a man; and they stuck to him, and made a strong and splendid fellow of him.'

Support your Local Papers.—The Lynn (Mass.) News is urging the importance of supporting the local papers. It remarks with much truth, that no kind of business is so badly affected at the present time as that of newspaper publishing, and country papers feel the effects of the general prostration of business more than any other.—It says:—

'The newspaper publisher, unlike many other business people, cannot in times like these reduce his expenses. The paper must be issued on the regular day; and it costs as much to do it, while the income from advertisements is greatly reduced.—It is proper at such a time, for him to appeal to those who are subscribers when the times are easier, for their generosity in continuing to him the little aid of individual subscriptions, not merely for his sake alone, but that the community may retain the advantages which the paper is universally acknowledged to confer. The small cost to each subscriber will scarcely be felt, while the aggregate amount is indispensable to the publisher; and while he will be cheered and encouraged by the generous consideration of his subscribers, they will accomplish another desirable object, in aiding the continuance of the publication of what ought to be sustained for the public good, the local newspaper.'

In the Long Run.—There is no little of repining on the part of many worthy people, which must be attributed chiefly to the habit of forgetting some well known truths. It would be good for all to remember in the long run, the things which now fret and annoy will all be seen to be parts of a plan of infinite benevolence. The evils we lament will be turned into agencies for good, and the sorrows we experience will eventually be future joys. That life is the sweetest which is passed in extracting honey even from the bitterest adversities; and he is the wisest man who can most heartily confide in the rectitude of Providence, and in the final supremacy of truth and right. In the long run, that Christian will come out well who works cheerfully, hopefully, heartily, without wasting his energies upon vain regrets and passionate murmurings. The birds sing in the storm; why may not the child of God rejoice too, even though the passing clouds lower?

The Dear Creatures.—When a certain Oriental potentate wants to ruin one of his principal subjects he makes him a present of a white elephant, which the poor man is obliged to keep, and by which, therefore, he is soon financially eaten up. In this country the fashionable mamma, who contrives to inveigle a soft young man into marriage with her expensive daughter, saddles him with an incumbrance corresponding exactly to the white elephant, in very speedily reducing him to ruin, and as it were, eating him out of house and home.

Long afflictions will much set off the glory of Heaven. The longer the storm the sweeter the calm; the longer the winter nights, the sweeter the summer days. The new wine of Christ's kingdom is most sweet to those who have long been drinking gall and vinegar. The higher the mountain, the gladder we shall be when we get to the top of it. The longer our journey is the sweeter will be our end; and the longer our passage is, the more desirable will the haven be.

Children make men better citizens.—When your own child has learned in the streets to swear, it makes you feel that you are a stockholder in the public morality.

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United States Laws.

OFFICIAL.

Passed at the First Session of the Thirty-seventh Congress.

[Public—No. 8.]
AN ACT making additional appropriations for the naval service for the year ending the thirty-first of June, eighteen hundred and sixty-two, and appropriations of arrears for the year ending the thirty-first of June, eighteen hundred and sixty-one.

For pay of commission, warrant, and petty officers and seamen, including the engineer corps of the navy, six million eight hundred and forty thousand dollars.

For the repair and equipment of vessels of the navy, eight million five hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars.

For fuel for the navy, to be purchased in the mode prescribed by law for other materials, and for the transportation thereof, one million and eighty thousand dollars.

For the purchase of hemp and other materials for the navy, three hundred thousand dollars.

For ordnance and ordnance stores, including incidental expenses, three million five hundred and twenty thousand dollars.

For the completion of seven steam screw sloops, authorized by act of February twenty-first, eight hundred and sixty-one, one million six hundred thousand dollars.

For the completion of seven steam screw sloops and side-wheel steamer, ninety-one thousand four hundred and thirty-nine dollars and eighty-two cents.

For provisions for commission, warrant, and petty officers and seamen, including engineers and marines attached to vessels for sea service, one million nine hundred and ninety-four thousand two hundred and twenty-two dollars and forty-seven cents.

For surgeons' necessities and appliances for the sick and hurt of the navy, including the engineer and marine corps, twenty-five thousand dollars.

For contingent expenses that may accrue for the following purposes, viz: freight and transportation, printing and stationery, advertising in newspapers, books, maps, models, and drawings, purchase and repair of fire-engines and machinery, repairs of and attending to steam-engines in navy yards, purchase and maintenance of horses and mules, and driving teams, carriages, harnesses, and the purchase and repair of workmen's tools; postage on public letters, fuel, oil, and candles for navy yards and shore stations, pay of watchmen and incidental labor not chargeable to any other appropriation, transportation to and from attending the delivery of provisions and stores, and foreign stations, wharfage, dockage, and rent, traveling expenses of officers and others under orders, funeral expenses, store and office rent, fuel, communications and pay of clerks to navy agents, stores, flags, drums, fife, and other instruments, six thousand dollars.

For transportation of officers and troops, and expenses of recruiting, eight thousand dollars.

For contingencies, viz: freight, ferrage, toll, cartage, wharfage, purchase and repair of boats, compensation to judges advocates, per diem for attending courts-martial, courts of inquiry, and for constant labor, house rent in lieu of quarters, burial of deceased marines, printing, stationery, postage, telegraphing, apprehension of deserters, oil, candles, gas, repair of gas and water fixtures, water rent, straw, straw, barrack furniture, furniture for officers' quarters, bed sacks, spades, shovels, axes, picks, carpenter's tools, keep of a horse for the messengers, pay of matron, washwoman, and porter at the hospital headquarters, repairs of fire-engine, purchase and repair of engine hose, purchase of lumber for bunks, mess tables, bunks, repairs to public carriages, purchase and repair of harness, galleys and cooking stoves for mess quarters, when there are no galleys, grates, and ranges, purchase of gas and water fixtures, water rent, straw, straw, barrack furniture, furniture for 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We would remind our readers that the Term of the Normal School at Bristol commences on Tuesday next. Then, through the liberality of the State, an opportunity is afforded serving young men and women, to qualify selves for a useful calling, at a slight expense and at the same time to obtain an excellent education. Candidates for admission must present themselves for examination in the common English studies, on the morning of the

It is stated that when the Naval Academy takes possession of the Atlantic House, Adams will be the head-quarters of the Sixteenth Regiment, now being recruited by command of Col. HEINTZELMAN, who is wounded at Bull Run.

THE surveying corps which has been sent by the Government to ascertain the most eligible location for a Navy Yard in Narragansett Bay commenced their labors in our harbor on Monday.

ALTHOUGH the frigate *Constitution* changed her morning no obstruction is in the way of sailing her and the steamer of Capt. MORRIS leaves Banisters wharf at 10 o'clock for the ship and Fort Adams.

THE frigate *Constitution* was hauled in inner harbor Thursday morning, opposite Walcott wharf, where she will remain.

Several months ago, at the beginning of conflict, a lady from one of the border States wrote to a friend in Newport, that if this nation prospered, our liberties were gone. A clear-headed, sound-hearted woman values their true immensity the consequences of defeat. Such a defeat would overthrow all political guarantees and principles, and the product of them, the vast network of benevolent institutions, that make us great, happy people. I would like a defeat of this sort, the present and the past. It would turn the present into the future, and

As showing how important our harbor is to vessels wishing to gain a port, it appears that kept by Mr. LEWIS of the Lime-rock that the number of vessels which passed by point during the month of August by day was 1148.

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GEN. BURNSIDE has been assigned to command of the regiments not brigaded, all troops hereafter arriving at Washington.

The sword of Commodore Barron has been presented to the President. The rebel commodore was captured in full regiments, wearing the eagles and stars of the Go. ernment has so basely deserted. The flagstaff of expedition—the Minnesota—was formerly the command of this same Commodore Barron.

I appended the official master-roll to the Coy. Y. I was then taken by the officers and captured by me. The position of the fort is an exceedingly strong one, nearly surrounded on all sides by water, and only to be approached by march at 500 yards in a cut-throat over a long, narrow range of land, and only by a narrow, and very low, and only as wide, and which is commanded by two 22-pound guns, one with grape and cannon, which we captured on our march. It had a well protected position, and was capable of withstanding for 400 miles. The fort was nearly of a square form, enclosing about two-thirds of an acre ground, well covered with sufficient trees.

and parapets, upon which our shells... The National Enquirer... The President has reinstated Roger Perry...

The National Enquirer--Appeal to the People of the United States. Washington, Sept. 1.--The following patriotic appeal for the national loan has been published by Secretary Chase to the citizens of the United States...

A million of the new style postage stamps are issued daily by the printers. B. H. GORDON CATTLE MARKET--Thursday last. At market 600 Beef Cattle, 200 Steers, 1000 Sheep and Lambs, and 800 Swine...

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. Mortgagee's Sale. Will be sold at Public Auction, on SATURDAY, the 15th day of October, A. D. 1861, at 11 o'clock A. M., on the premises...

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. Agricultural Settlement. A Rare Opportunity in the Delightful and Healthy Climate, 25 Miles Southeast of Philadelphia, on the Camden and Atlantic Railroad, New Jersey...

MISCELLANEOUS. FARM FOR SALE. THE SUBSCRIBER offers his Farm for sale, pleasantly situated on the East side of the Island of Connecticut. It consists of 70 acres of good land, well watered in suitable lots...

MISCELLANEOUS. MERCHANTS AND FARMERS. DINEING ROOMS. YOUNG'S BRICK BLOCK. Corner Parade and Thames Street, Newport, R. I. By James W. Curtis. MEALS AND LUNCH AT ALL HOURS...

